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THE Counter Scuffle.

Whereunto is added

THE Counter Rat.

Written by R. S.

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THE COVNTER-SCVFFLE.

LEt that Majeſtick pen that writes
Of brave *K. Arthur* and his Knights,
And of their noble feats and fights:
And thoſe who tell of Mice and Frogges,
And of the skirmiſhes of Hogges,
And of fierce *Beares*, and Maſtive Dogges,
Be ſilent.

And now let each one liſten well,
While I the famous Battell tell,
In *Woodſtreet Counter* that befell
In high Lent.

In which great *Scuffle* only twain,
Without much hurt, or being ſlain,
Immortall honour did obtain
By merit,

One was a *Captain* in degree,
A ſtrong and luſty man was hee,
T'other a *Tradeſ-man* bold and free
Of Spirit.
And though he was no man of force,
He had a ſtomack like a Horſe,
And in his rage had no remorſe
Or pitty.
Full nimbly could he cuffe and clout,
And was accounted, without doubt,
One of the prettieſt ſparks about
The City.
And at his weapon any way
He could performe a ſingle fray,
Even from the long pike to the *Taylors* Bodkin.
He reckt not for his fleſh a jot,
He feard nor *Engliſhman* nor *Scot*,
For *Man* or *Monſter*, car'd he not
A Dodkin,
For fighting was his recreation,
And like a man in Deſperation,
For *Law*, *Edict*, or *Proclamation*
He car'd not
And

And in his Anger (cauſe being given)
To lift his hand 'gainſt good Sir *Steven*,
Or any *Iuſtice* under Heaven,
He fear'd not.
He durſt his enemy withſtand,
Or at *Tergoos* or *Calis* ſand,
And bravely there with ſword in hand
Would greet him.
And noble *Ellis* was his name,
Who'mongſt his foes to purchaſe fame,
Nor cared though the Devill came
To meet him.
And this brave *Goldſmith* was the man,
Who firſt this worthy brawle began,
Which after ended in a Can
Of milde Beere.
But had you ſeen him when he fought,
How eagerly for blood he ſought,
Ther's no man but would have him thought
A wilde Beare.
Imagine now you ſee a ſcore
Of madcap Gentlemen, or more,
Boyes that did uſe to royſt and rore,
And ſwagger.

Among the which were three or foure,
That rul'd themſelves by wiſdoms lore,
Whoſe very Grandfires ſcarcely wore
A dagger.
A *Prieſt* and *Lawyer*, men well read,
In wiping ſpoones and chipping bread,
And falling to, ſhort grace being ſed,
Full roundly:
Whoſe hungry mawes no Sallets need
Good appetites therein to breed,
Their ſtomacks without ſauce could feed
Profoundly.
'Twas ill that men of ſober dyet,
Who lov'd to fill their guts in quiet,
Were plac'd with *Ruffins* that to ryot
were given:
And (O great griefe!) even from their food,
(Their Stomacks too, being ſtrong & good)
And that ſweet place whereon it ſtood,
Be driven.
But here it is fitting I repeat,
What food our dainty Priſoners eat;
But if in placing of the meat
And Diſhes,
from

From curious order I do ſwerve,
'Tis that themſelves did none obſerve,
For which nor fleſh they did deſerve,
Nor fiſhes.
But ſome (perhaps) will ſay that Lent,
Affords them not what here is ment,
So much, ſo good. and that they went
without it.
'Tis like; but if I adde a Diſh,
Or twain, or three, of fleſh or Fiſh,
They either had, or did it wiſh,
Ne're doubt it
Then wipe your mouths, while I declare,
The goodneſſe of this Lenten fare,
Which is in Priſon very rare,
I tell ye.
Furnity ſweet as any *Nut*.
As good as ever ſwill'd a Gut.
And butter ſweet as e're was put
In belly.
Eggs by the dozen, new and good,
Which in white Salt uprightly ſtood,
And meats which heat and ſtir the blood
To action.

As

As butter'd *Crabs*, and *Lobsters* red,
Which send the married payre to bed,
And in loose bloods have often bred,
A Faction.
Fish butter'd to the Platters brim,
And Parsnips did in Butter swim,
Strew'd ore with Pepper neat and trim
Salt Salmon.
Smelts cryde, come eat me, do not stay,
Fresh Cod, and *Maids* full nearly lay,
And next to these a lusty *Ba-*
con Gammon
Stuck thick with Cloves upon the back,
Well stuft with Sage, and for the smack,
Daintily strew'd with Pepper black,
Sous'd Gurnet,
Pickrell, *Sturgeon*, *Tench*, and *Trout*,
Meat farre too good for such a rout,
To tumble, tosse, and throw about
And spurn it.
The next a *Neats-tongue* neatly dryde,
Mustard and *Suger* by his side.
Rochets butter'd, *Flounders* fryde.
Hot *Custard.*

Eeles

Eeles boyl'd and broyl'd: and next they bring
Herring, that is the *Fiſhes* King,
And then a Courtly Poll of *Ling*,
And *Muſtard*.

But ſtay, I had almoſt forgot
The fleſh which ſtill ſtands piping hot,
Some from the Spit, ſome from the Pot
New taken,

A *ſhoulder*, and a *Leg* of *Mutton*,
As good as ever Knife was put on,
Which never were by a true Glutton
Forſaken,

A *Loyne* of *Veale*, that would have dar'd
One of the hungrieſt of the *Guard*,
And they ſometimes will feed full hard,
Like tall men.

And ſuch as love the *Luſty Chine*:
But when that I ſhall ſup or dine,
God grant they be no *Gueſts* of mine,
Of all men.

Thus the Deſcriptions are compleat,
Which I have made of men and meat.
Mars ayd me now, while I repeat
The Battle,

Where Pots and Stooles were us'd as Gins,
To break each others Heads, and Shins,
Where blowes did make bones in their skins
To rattle.

Where men to madneſſe never ceaſt,
Till each (furious as a Beaſt)
Had ſpoyld the faſhion of a Feaſt,
Full dainty.

Whereon had they not been accurſt,
They might have fed, till bellies burſt:
But *Ellis* ſhew'd himſelfe the worſt
Of twenty.

For he began this monſtrous brall,
Which afterward incens'd them all,
To throw the meat about the Hall,
That Even.

And now give eare unto the jarre,
That fell between theſe men of warre,
Wherein ſo many a harmleſſe skarre
was given.

The Board thus furniſht, each man ſate,
Some fell to feeding, ſome to prate,
Mong whom a jarring queſtion ſtrait
was riſen.

For

For they grew hotly in diſpute,
What Calling was of moſt repute:
Twas well their wits were ſo acute
In priſon.
While they diſcours'd, the *Parſon* blythe *Parſon.*
Fed, as he meant to have the tythe
Of every diſh, being ſharp (as Sythe)
In feeding.
But haſte had almoſt made him choke,
Or elſe perhaps, he would have ſpoke
In prayſe of his long-thred-bare Cloke,
And breeding.
But after a deliberate pauſe,
The Lawyer ſpoke, as he had cauſe, *Lawyer.*
In commendation of the Lawes
Profeſſion.
The Law, quoth he, by a juſt doom,
Doth cenſure all that to it come,
And ſtill defends the innocent from
Oppreſſion.
It favours Truth; it curbs the hope
Of Vice; it gives Allegiance ſcope;
Provides a Gallowes and a Rope.
For Treaſon.

This doth the *Law*, and this is it
Which makes us here in priſon ſit,
Which grounded is on holy Writ
And Reaſon.
To which all men muſt ſubject be,
As we by daily proofe do ſee,
From higheſt to low'ſt degree;
The *Scholler*,
Noble, and *Rich*: It doth ſubdue
The *Soulidier*, and his ſwaggering crue,
But at that word the *Captaine* grew
In choller.

The Souldier

He lookt full grim, and at firſt word
Rapt out an Oath, that ſhook the board,
And ſtruck his fiſt, that the ſound roar'd
Like thunder.
It made all skip that ſtood him neare,
The frighted *Cuſtard* quak'd for feare,
And thoſe that heard it, ſtricken were
With wonder.
Nought did he now, but frown and puffe,
And having ſtar'd and ſwore enough,
Thus he began in language rough.
Thou cogging,
Baſe

Baſe, foyſting *Lawyer*, that doſt ſet
Thy minde on nothing, but to get
Thy living by thy damned pet-
tifogging.
A Slave, that ſhall for halfe a Crown,
With Buckram bag, and daggled Gown,
Wait like my dogge about the Town,
And follow
A buſineſſe of the Devils part,
For fees, though not with Law nor Art:
But head as empty as thy heart
Is hollow,
You ſtay at home and pocket fees,
While we abroad our bloods do leeſe,
And then, with ſuch baſe termes as theſe
You wrong us.
But *Lawyer*, it is ſafer farre
For thee to prattle at a Barre,
Than once to ſhew thy face i'th' warre,
Among us,
Where to defend ſuch thankleſſe Hinds,
The *Souldier* little quiet finds,
But is expos'd to ſtormy winds,
And weathers,

And oft in blood he wades full deep,
Your throats from forrain ſwords to keep,
And wakes when you ſecurely ſleep
In feathers.
What could your Lawes or Statutes doe,
Againſt Invaſions of the *Foe*,
Did not the valiant *Souldier* goe
To quell 'em?
And to prevent your further harmes,
With Enſigne, Fife, and loud Alarmes
Of warlike Drum, by force of Armes
Repell'em?
Your *Treſpaſſe Action* will not ſtand,
For ſetting foot upon your Land,
When they in ſcorn of your Command
Come hither.
No remedy in Courts of *Powles*,
In *Common Pleaes*, or in the *Rowles*,
For joulling of your *Iobbernowles*
Together.
Wer't not for us, thou *Swad*, quoth he,
Where would'ſt thou fog to get a fee?
But to defend ſuch things as thee,
'Tis pity.
For

For ſuch as thou, eſteem us leaſt,
Who ever have been ready preſt,
To guard you, and the *Cuckowes* neſt,
Your *Ctiy.*

That very word made *Ellis* ſtart, *Citizen,*
And all his blood ran to his heart,
He ſhook, and quak'd in every part
With anger.

He lookt as if nought might aſſwage
The heat of his enflamed rage,
His very countenance did preſage
Some danger.

A *Cuckowes* neſt? quoth he: and ſo,
He humm'd, and held his head full low,
As if diſtracted thoughts did o-
verpreſſe him.

At length, quoth he, my Mother ſed, *Ellis a*
At *Briſtow* ſhe was brought abed, *Briſtow*
And there was *Ellis* born and bred, *man.*
(God bleſſe him.)

Of *London* City I am free,
And there I firſt my *Wife* did ſee;
And for that very cauſe, quoth he,
I love it.

And

And he that cals it *Cuckowes* neſt,
Except he ſayes he ſpeaks in jeſt,
He is a villain and a beaſt,
Ile prove it.
This Ile maintain, nor do I care,
Though *Captaine Pot-gun* ſtamp and ſtare,
And ſwagger, ſweare, and teare his hayre
In fury.
And with the hazard of my blood,
Ile fight up to the knees in mud,
But I will mak my quarrell good,
Aſſure ye.
For though I am a man of Trade,
And free of *London* City made,
Yet can I uſe *Gun*, *Bill*, and *Blade*
In battle.
And Citizens, if need require,
Themſelves can force the Foe retire,
What ever this *Low-Countrey* Squire
Do prattle.
For we have Souldiers of our own,
*A*ble enough to guard the *T*own,
*A*nd Captaines of moſt faire renown,
*A*bout it,
If

If any Foe ſhould fight amain,
And ſet on us with all his Train,
Wee'll make him to retire again,
Nere doubt it.
We have fought well in dangers paſt,
And will do while our lives do laſt,
Without the help of any caſt
Commaders
That hither come, compell'd by want,
With ruſty Swords, and Suits Provant,
From *Vtrich*, *Numigen*, or *Gant*,
In *Flanders*.
The Captain could no longer hold,
But looking fiercely, plainly told
The Citizen, he was too bold,
and call'd him
Proud Boy, and for his ſawcy ſpeech,
Did ſhortly vow to whip his breech:
Then *Ellis* ſnacht the pot, with which
he mall'd him.
He threw the jugge, and therewithall,
He gave the Captain ſuch a mall, *The Scuffle*
As made him thump againſt the wall
his Crupper,

With that the *Captain* took a Diſh
That ſtood brim-full of butterd Fiſh,
As good as any heart could wiſh
To ſupper.

And as he threw, his foot did ſlide,
Which turn'd his arme and diſh aſide,
And all be-Butter-fiſhifide
Nic Ballat.

And he, good man, did none diſeaſe,
But ſitting quiet and at eaſe,
With butterd *Rochets* ſought to pleaſe
His pallat.

But when he felt the wrong he had,
He rag'd, and ſwore, and grew ſtark mad,
Some in the roome been better had
without him;

For he took hold of any thing,
And firſt he caught the poll of *Ling*,
Which he couragiouſly did fling
about him.

Out of his hand it flew apace,
And hit the *Lawyer* in the face,
Who at the Board in higheſt place
was ſeated.

And

And as the *Lawyer* thought to rise,
The Salt was thrown into his eyes,
Which him of sight in wofull wise
Defeated.

All things nere hand, *Nic Ballat* threw:
At length his butterd *Rochets* flew:
And hit by chance, among the crew,
The Parson.

The Sauce his coat did all be-wet,
The *Priest* began to fume and fret,
The Seat was butterd which he set
His-on.

He knew not what to do or say,
It was in vaine to Preach or pray,
Or cry you are all gone astray,
Good people.

He might as well go strive to teach
Divinity beyond his reach
Or when the Bels ring out, go preach
I'th Steeple.

At this mischance the silly man,
Out of the roome would faine have ran,
And very angerly began
To mutter.

Ill luck had he, for after that
One threw the *Parſneps* full of fat
Which ſtuck like Brooches in his Hat,
with Butter.
Out of the place he ſoon repaires
And ran halfe headlong down the Staires,
And made complaint to Maſter *Ayres*
with crying.
Vp ran hee to know the matter,
And found how they the things did ſcatter,
Here a Trencher, there a platter
were lying.
I dare not ſay, he ſtunk for wo,
Nor will, unleſſe I did it know,
But ſome there be that dare ſay ſo,
that ſmelt him.
Nor could ye blame him, if he did,
For they threw diſhes at his head,
And did with Egges and Loaves of Bread,
bepelt him
He thruſt himſelfe into the throng,
And u'ſd the vertue of his tongue,
But what could one mans word among
ſo many?

The Candles all were ſhuffled out,
The Victuals flew afreſh about;
Was never ſuch a Combat fought
by any.

Now in the dark was all the coyle,
Some were bloody in the broyle,
And ſome lay ſteept in *Sallet-Oyle*
and *Muſtard.*

The ſight would make a man afeard:
Another had a butterd Beard,
Anothers face was all beſmeard
with *Cuſtard,*

Others were dawb'd up to the knee
With butterd *Fiſh* and *Furmitee*;
And ſome the men could ſcarcely ſee
that beat 'em.

Vnder the Board *Llvellin* lay,
Being ſore frighted with the fray,
And as the weapons flew that way,
he eat 'em.

Wil. Llu ellin *a priſoner there, ſometime the Kee- per.*

The bread ſtuck in the windowes all,
Like bullets in a *Caſtle* wall,
Which furious Foes do ſeek to ſcale
In battle.

Shoulders of *Mutton*, and Loynes of *Veale*,
*A*ppointed for to ſerve the *M*eale,
About their eares full many a Peale
Did rattle.

One of the under Keepers. The which when *Owen Blany* ſpide,
Oh, take away their Armes he cryde,
Leſt ſome great hurt do them betide,
Prevent it,
And then the Knave away did ſteale,
Of food that fell, no little deale,
And in his houſe at many a meale
He ſpent it.

The *Captain* ran the reſt among,
As eager to revenge the wrong
Done by the *Pot* which *Ellis* flung
So ſtoutly.
And angry *Ellis* fought about,
To finde the furious *Captain* out,
At length they met, and then they fought
Devoutly.

Now being met, they never lin,
Till with their lowd robuſtious din,
The room and all that was therein,
Did rumble.

Inſtead

The Counter Scuffle.

Inſtead of Weapons made of ſteele,
The *Captain* took a ſalted Eele,
And at each blow made *Ellis* reele,
and tumble.

Ellis a Pippin pie had got,
A ſorer weapon than the pot:
For lo, the apples being hot,
did ſcald him.

The *Captain* layd about him ſtill,
As if he would poore *Ellis* kill,
And with his *Eele* with a good will
he mall'd him.

At length, quoth he, *Ellis* thou art
A fellow of couragious heart,
Yeeld now, and I will take thy part
hereafter.

Quoth *Ellis*, much I ſcorn to heare
Thy words of threats, being free from feare.
With which he hardly could forbeare
from laughter.

Together then afreſh they flie,
The *Eele* againſt the *Pippin Pie*:
But *Blany* ſtood there purpoſely
to watch 'em

The

The weapons wherewithall they fought,
Were thoſe, for which he chiefly ſought,
And with an eager ſtomack thought
to catch 'em.
But ſcap't not now ſo well away,
As at the *Veale* and *Mutton* fray:
He thought to have with ſuch a prey
his jawes fed.
But all his hope did turne aſide,
He lookt for that which luck deny'd;
For *Ellis* all be-pippin-pyde
his Calves head
Wo was the caſe he now was in,
The Apples hot, did ſcald the skin,
His Skull, as it had rotten bin,
did coddle.
With that one foole among the rout,
Made out-cry all the houſe about,
That *Blany's* braines were beaten out
his noddle
Which *Lockwood* hearing needs would ſee,
What all this coyl and ſtirre might be,
And up the Staires his Guts and he
Went wadling.

A Turnkey a fat fellow.

But

But when he came the Chamber neere,
Behinde the doore he ſtood to heare,
But in he durſt not come for feare
Of ſwadling.
There ſtood he in a frightfull caſe,
And as by chance he ſtir'd his face,
Full in the mouth a butter'd Playce
Did hit him.
Away he ſneakt, and with his tongue,
He lick'd and ſwallow'd vp the wrong,
And as he went the roome along
Be--him.
For helpe now doth poore *Lockwood* crie,
O bring a Surgeon, or I die,
My guts out of my belly flye:
Come quickly.
Blany with open mouth likewiſe,
For preſent help of Surgeon cryes,
Pittie a man, quoth he, that lyes
So ſickly,
Philips, the skilfull Surgeon then,
Was cal'd, and cal'd, and cal'd agen,
If he had skill to cure theſe men,
To ſhew it.

At length he comes, and first he puts
His hands, to feel for *Lockwoods* guts,
Which came not forth so sweet as Nuts,
All know it.

He cries for water. In the mean
One cals up *Madge* the Kitchin quean,
To take and make the Baby clean,
And clout it.

Fast by the Nose she took the Squall,
And led him softly through the Hall,
Lest the perfume through knees should fall
About it.

Shee turn'd his Hose beneath the knee,
Nor could shee chuse but laugh to see,
That yellow, which was wont to bee
A white breech.

Shee took a Dish-clout off the Shelfe,
And with it wipt the durtie Elfe,
Which had not wit to helpe it selfe
Poore--breech.

Thus leaving *Lockwood* all be-rai'd,
Vnto the mercie of the Maide,
Who well deserved to be paid
For taking
Such

Such homely paines, Now let us caſt,
Our thoughts backe on the ſtirre that's paſt,
And them whoſe bones could not in haſte
Leave aking.
And like the Candles, ſhall my Pen
Shew you theſe Gallants once agen,
Which now like *Furies*, not like men
Appeared,
Freſh lights being brought t'appeaſe the bral,
Shew twenty mad men in the Hall,
With Bloud and Sauce their faces all
Beſmeared.
Their Cloathes rent and ſows'd in drinke,
Oyle, *Muſtard*, *Butter*, and the ſtinke,
Which *Lockwood* left, would make one thinke
In ſadneſſe,
That theſe ſo monſtrous creatures dwell,
Either in *Bedlam*, or in Hell,
Or that no tongue, or Pen can tell
Their madneſſe
They were indeed diſfigured ſo,
Friend knew not friend nor foe-man foe,
And each man ſcarce himſelfe did know:
But after

A frantick ſtaring round about,
They ſuddenly did quit their doubt,
And loudly all at once brak out
In laſter.

The heat of all is now alaid,
The Keepers gently doe perſwade;
And (as before) all friends are made,
Full kindly.

Ellis, the *Captaine* doth imbrace;
The *Captaine* doth return the grace,
And ſo doe all men in the place,
As friendly.

By *Ioue* I love thee, *Ellis* cryd;
The *Captaine* ſoone as much replyed,
Thou art, quoth he, a man well tryd:
And *Vulcan*

With *Mars* at ods againe ſhall be,
E're any iarres twixt thee and me:
And thereupon I drink to thee
A full Can.

And then he kneeld upon the ground.
Drink't off (quoth *Ellis*) for this round
For ever ſhall be held renownd:
And never

May

May any quarrell twixt us twaine
Arise, or this renew againe,
But may we loving friends remaine
For ever

Amen, cryde *Captaine*, so did all,
And so the health went through the Hall,
And thus the Noble *Counter*-brall
Was ended.

But hunger now did vexe'em more,
Then all their anger did before:
They searcht i'th roome how far their store
Extended.

They want the meat which *Blany* stole,
One finds a *Herring* in a hole,
With durt and dust blacke as a coale,
And trodden

All under feet; The next in post
Snaps vp, and feeds on what was lost,
And lookes not whether it be rost
Or sodden.

A third finds in another place
A piece of *Ling* in durtie case,
And *Mustard* in his fellowes face;
Another

Eſpies, that finds a loafe of bread:
A diſh of Butter all beſpread,
And ſtuck vpon anothers head
I'th poother.
Thus what they found, contented ſome,
At length the Keeper brings a Broome,
Meaning therewith to cleanſe the roome
With ſweeping.
But under Table, on the ground,
Looking to ſweepe, by chance he found
Luellin, faining to be found-
ly ſleeping.
He pull'd him out ſo ſwift by the heeles,
As if his arſe had ran on wheeles,
And found his pockets ſtuft with *Eeles*:
His Cod-piece
Did plenty of proviſion bring,
Somewhat it held of every thing,
Smelts, *Flounders*, *Rochets*, and of *Ling*
A broadpiece.
At this diſcoverie each man round
Tooke equall ſhare of what was found,
Which afterwards they freely drown'd
In good drink.
For

For of good Beere there was good ſtore,
Till all were glad to give it o're,
For each man had enough and more
That would drink.
And when they thus had Drunk and fed,
(As if no quarrell had been bred)
They all ſhook hands and all to bed
Did ſhuffle.
Ellis, the glory of this Towne,
With that brave *Captaine* of renowne,
And thus I end this famous *Coun-*
ter Scuffle.

FINIS.

Lluellin

To the Reader.

THis Bacchanalian Night-prize of the Counter-Scuffle, being thus finiſhed, hath ever ſince frighted both Priſoners and Iaylors from comming into any roome, for feare of a ſecond uproare. So that the Counter, for want of ſweet garniſhing, and cleanly looking to, is growne ſo naſty, that no man (by his good will) will thruſt his noſe in at any of the grates: Nay, will rather goe a mile about, than come neare it; Though to keep it ſweet, a great deale of Mace is ſtuck upon every Sergeant, as if he were a Copon in white-broth.

Vpon this ſlovenlineſſe, it is wofully haunted with Rats, not ſuch Rats as runne up and downe in Brew-houſes, ſucking the new wort of ſtrong

To the Reader.

Beere ſo long, and in ſuch abundance, that halfe the City is compelled to drink Beere as ſmall as water; Nor thoſe Rats which are not meaty mouth'd in Bake-houſes, where they gnaw ſo many batches of Bread, that a Penny loafe wants ſometimes three or foure ounces in waight: And then the honeſt Baker is blam'd, and curs'd, and (perhaps) innocently ſet in the Pillory.

Neither are they thoſe Rats, which greaze their throats in Tallow-Chandlers ſhops, where they nibble ſo much upon Candles, that not one pound in an hundred is ever full waight.

No, theſe are no Rats with foure legs, but only two; and though they have neſts in a thouſand places of London, *yet for the moſt part they run but into two Rot-traps, that is to ſay,* The Counters *of* Wood-ſtreet *and the* Poultry, *and for that cauſe are called Counter-Rats.*

How caught, how mouz'd, and what they are,
This picture lively doth declare.

THE

THE COVNTER RAT.

OF Knights and Squires of low degree,
Of Roaring Boyes, that ſtick and ſnee,
Of Battoon Dam-mees, that cry Bree,
I ſing now,
At men and women, (Bawds and whores)
At Pimps and Panders that keep doores,*
At all that out-face Vintners ſcores,
I ſling now.
What ſling I? Nothing, but light rimes,
(Not tun'd as are S^t. *Pulchers* chimes)
No ſteeples heigth my Muſe now climbes,
But flyeth.
Cloſe to the ground as Swallowes do,
When rainy weather muſt enſue,
She flies, and ſings, and if not true,
She lyeth.

* *I mean no Play-doores: Thoſe are too honeſt.*

Lay (*Hocus Pocus) thy tricks by,
Let *Martin Parkers* Ballads die,
Thy theaming likewise I defie;
O *Fenner*.

* *The Kings Iuggler.*

Let Hogsdon-Scrapers on their Base
Sound Fum-fum-fum from totterd case,
Nor Meane, nor Treble now take place,
But Tennor;

A Counter-Tennor is that note,
Too easie,—'tis nere sung by rote,
But got with wetting well your throat
With Claret.

Or stout March-beere, or Windsor Ale,
Or Labour in vaine, (so seldome stale,)
Or Pymlico, whose too great sale
Did marre it:

He that me reads, shall fall out flat
With *Homers* Frog, and *Virgils* Gnat,
And *Ovids* Flea, which so neare sat
The Moone shine.

For I of stranger wonders write,
Of a wilde Vermin got each night,
Mad Buls i'th dark, but guls in sight,
Of Sun-shine.

My

My Metamorphosis is rare,
For Men to Rats transformed are,
And then, those Rats are Prisoners fare,
O pitty!
But tis good sport to see them dresst,
To garnish out a Mornings Feast,
Each bit being salted with a jest
Scarce witty:
These are not Rats that nibble cheese,
Or challenge mouldy crusts for fees,
And rather will their long tayles leese
Than Bacon:
No, these are they, whose guts being cram'd,
(As Canons hard with powder ram'd)
And Bag-pipe cheekes with wines inflam'd,
Are taken
By Constables and Bill-men eke,
Who speak not Latine, French, nor Greek,
But are Night-Sconces out to seek
Night-sneakers,
Who late in Taverns up do sit,
Whiffing smoke, Money, Time, and wit.
Pouring in Boules, till out they spit
Full Beakers.

Theſe (then) being to the Counter led,
Each Priſoner ſhakes his ſhaggie head,
And leaning halfe out of his bed,
A laughing
Fals,—And cries out —A Rat—A Rat,
Oh! roares another,—Is he fat?
If not,—Fley off his cloak or hat;
Thus ſcoffing,
Till Morne they lye.—The poore Rat gets
Into ſome hole,—Beſides his wits,
To heare ſuch caterwalling fits,
So fright him:
But day being riſe,—All up do riſe,
And call for Beere to cleare his eyes,
A Garniſh then the whole Roome cryes,
They bite him,
Aske any how ſuch newes I tell,
Of *Wood-ſtreets* hole or *Poultries* hell?
Know, I did 'mongſt thoſe Gypſies dwell,
That cozen there.
I mean the Turn keys, and thoſe Knaves,
Who rack, for fees, men worſe then ſlaves,
I ſaw brought in with bils and glaves,
Some dozen there.

For

For I one night by Rug-gownes caught,
Was for a Rat to th' Counter brought,
What there my deere expe rience bought,
Ile ſell yee
Cheaper, than I could hav e it there,
For they for Tokens throats will teare,
But ſuch as 'tis, fill with the Cheere
Your belly.

Prick up your eares,—for I begin
To tell, what Rats, my night, came in,
Caught without Cat, or Trap, or Ginne,
But mildly,
Being call'd before the Bench of wits
Who ſit out midnights Bedlam fits;
But ſome being rid, like Iades with Bits,
Ran wildly.

Firſt, about twelve, the Counter gates
Thundred with thumpings,--Dores & grates
Reel'd at the peale,--when our priſon-mates
Vp ſtarting,
Saw in the yard a frantick Swarm,
Crying, O my head, neck, ſides, leg, arme,
Sore had the fight been, but ſmall harme
At parting,

It

It was a watch, ſwearing we bleed,
But' twas their noſes dropt indeed;
Maſters (quoth they) we charge ye take heed
Of him there.

A Roaring Rat.

THat Royſter, us to our trumps has put,
And run our Beadle through a gut,
His Bilbo has from each man cut
A limb here.
They gone,-Vp comes the Bredah-Bouncer,
His tusks ſtiffe-ſtarcht like a brave Mounſer,
Of Turnbull-Puncks a ſtaring Trouncer,
Some knew him;
Why, here (quoth we) why? zounds becauſe
I tugg'd with beares, and par'd their pawes,
But ſure I mall'd *Mr* Conſtables Iawes,
O ſlew him;
All's one,—ſayd one, Pleaſe you to bed Sir:
He (ſwearing) roar'd, I'm better bred Sir,
I ſcorn to rock my Harneſſe-Head Sir,
In feathers;
Give

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Give me a Brick, Sir, for my bolſter,
An Armourer ſtill is my Vpholſter,
In froſt, ſnow, muck-hils I can roll Sir,
Hang weathers;
Rogue, fetch me a ſweet truſſe of ſtraw,
To fire thy layle,—*Pox* a this Law,
That coopes a Souldier like Iack Daw,
I'ſt treaſon?
Raſcall! more Claret, There's none here Sir,
Why then (you mangy Cur) ſome beere Sir,
There's not a Tapſter dares come neere Sir:
Thy reaſon?
Becauſe you thwack out ſuch huge words Sir,
His wezand fears them worſe than ſwords Sir
Mum then,—Ile take a nap o'th boords Sir.
He ſleepes there.

A Croſſe legg'd Rat-

A Puritan Taylor then came in,
Who (to take meaſure) out had bin,
And (Maudlin-drunk) to rince his ſin,
He weeps there.

Weepes to be call'd a Rat, being known
A man at leaſt,—ſo down being thrown,
On a hard Bench, thus did he groan
In ſorrow;
Brethren where am I? One reply'd,
In *Wood-ſtreet* Counter.—O my pride!
Thou art tane down, and I muſt hide
Too morrow
A head that was not hid before,
Wo worth him makes *Manaſſes* roare,
But die I may not in his ſcore,
Beleeve me,
For conſolation I eſpy
Th'row my ſweet *Spaniſh* needles eye,
The Siſters will (if here I lie)
Releeve me,
Siſters i'th' Counter! oh no: here
Only the wicked ones appeare,
Waſh then thy ſhame in briniſh teares,
Confeſſing
Th'art rightly puniſht for thy Yard,
And for thy Gooſe which graz'd too hard,
And for ſome Stuffes which thou haſt marr'd
With preſſing.

We

639.1

We ask'd him, why he was brougt in,
Black threds of vice (quoth he) I ſpin,
And then agen did thus begin,
Condoling.
All are not Friers, I ſee, weare Cowles,
Nor all in minc'd ruffes, milk-white ſoules,
I ſhould have talk'd thus when the bowles
Were trolling;
But then, to ſteale I held no harm,
Lappets of drink to keep me warm,
But linings wet, hurt, though they arm,
Indeed-la
O would my ſheeres might cut my thred,
Why is this croſſe-legg'd miſchiefe bred?
Mending my want from heele to head
With ſpeed-la.
Sorrow has made me dry,—No matter,
Out of mine eyes will I drink water,
No other Ram my braines ſhall batter,
To kill me,
Roofe, touch no more wines, French or Spa-
All drinks Papiſticall I baniſh, [niſh,
Out of my lips this phraſe ſhall vaniſh,
Boy,--Fill me.

One bid him call for beere,--he ſed,
Oh! No more beere.—But reach me bread,
By that Ile ſweare—Would I were dead,
And rotten.
When I agen ſwill ought but whay,
Yet leſt (being cold) my zeale decay,
Hot waters ſhall not be one day
Forgotten.

An old gray Rat.

THis done, he nods, and quickly ſnores;
And then afreſh wind flie the doores,
An Vſurer hedg'd in with mad Whores,
Came wallowing;
As does a great ſhip on the Seas,
Set on by Gallies,—for, all theſe
Were Fiſh-wives, who had wine at eaſe
Been ſwallowing.
And blown him up with penny-pots
Of Sack, which fall to him by lots,
Payd him at weeks end by th'old Trots,
For ſhillings
Each

Each Monday lent them,—To buy Skate
Crabs, Plaice, and Sprats at *Billinſgate*
Thus, then they met, and hold thus late
Their drillings.
He reſts in peace,--but is not dead,
Yet is wormes meat in lowzie bed,
And lies like one wrapt up in led,
None ſtirr'd him,
But all his Oyſter-mouthes gap'd wide,
(Wine in their guts was at full Tide)
The Devill did ſo their Rumps beſtride,
And ſpurr'd them:
They flung & winc'd, & kick'd down ſtaires
Themſelves, and ſtampt like Flanders Mares,
Hell is broke looſe,-No Keeper dares
Approach them;
For, at that Dogge (beſawc'd in Sack)
They grinde their teeth, and curſe him black,
Crying out, 'Tis thee does break their back,
And broach them
So faſt, that all their gaines boyle out,
Deep-red to dye his pockie ſnout,
But, that which flung theſe brands about
So hotly,

'Gan now to quench them, ſleep does ſound
Retreat, dead-drunk they all lie drown'd
In caſt-up wine,—and on the ground
The ſhot lie.

A Black Rat.

SCarce was this helliſh dinne allayd,
But drencht in mire, with drink berayd,
(New curried) was brought in a jade
All mettle,
An Eſtridge that iron barres could eat,
And Strong-beere out of Sea-coales beat,
His fiſty-cuffes did the Watch fret
And nettle;
This ſecond Smug, who had the ſtaggers,
This Vulcaniſt, whoſe nayles were daggers,
This Smith ſo arm'd in Ale, he ſwaggers,
At ſnoring,
Though lockt up, yet ſet up his trade,
Bolts, Hinges, Barres, and Grates he made
Fly,—which being heard, the Iaylors payd
His roaring.
They

The Counter-Rat.

They furniſh't him with iron enough,
Neck, hands, and leggs had armour tough,
And ſtronger (but more cold) than Buffe,
To guard him.
How did they this? none durſt come neer him
Like Tom of Bedlam did they feare,
All bringing Cans, to pledge them, ſwear him,
So ſnar'd him,
Yet, for all this, he danc'd in's ſhackles,
And cry'd, t'other Pot, I want more tackles,
And thus (till break of day) it cackles,
Lay'd having
The addle Egge of his turn'd braines,
In his iron neſt of ruſty chaines,
Which made him loſe both ſenſe of paines,
And raving.

A Long Tayl'd Rat.

THe next that in our little Eaſe,
Came to be bit with Lice and Fleas,
Was a ſpruce Knave, like none of theſe,
But ſober,
As

As the Strand May-pole,--he did go,
In ruffe,--His thumb th'row ring did ſhow
A Gentleman ſeal'd,--for he was no
Hog-grubber:
It was a Petty-fogging Varlet,
Whoſe back wore freez, but bum no ſcarlet,
And was tane napping with his Harlot,
At noddy:
But being hal'd in, his haire he rent;
And ſwore they all ſhould deare repent
Their baſeneſſe,--for no ill he meant
To her body:
The Priſoners ask't then what ſhe was,
(Quoth he) My Client,--One well to paſſe,
Though here they impound me like an Aſſe,
Ile ſerk them.
Ile make the Beadle pluck in's horne,
He flirted at my noſe in ſcorne,
The Watch ſhall ſtink, the Conſtable mourn,
Ile jerk them,
Hang them (if need be) for they broke
Her houſe,--That's Burglary,--The clock
Scarce counting two,--Then they ſtruck
Ath'mazzard.

An

An action of strong Battry! Good!
They made my nose then gush blood,
(One more)--And that I mist the mud
Was hazzard.
Here's Law in lumps,--Must, when to triall
My Client comes, I have deniall
For ingresse to her, by *Scabs*? A Ryall
I enter
At Midnight,-- a plain Case,--else *Ployden*
The Case is altred,--shall each *Hoyden*
Barre Law her course? Dare rustick *Royden*
So venture?
A farthing candle burning by,
By chance his railing rage did die,
Yet to his Brest, Revenge did crie,
So churning
His brains for Law-tricks how to sting them,
And up to all the Barres to bring them,
He sate, hard-twisting cords to wring them;
Till Morning.

No more of this light skiping verse,
A dreerie tale I now rehearse.

LOng this brown ſtudy did not laſt,
But in at Counter gates as faſt,
Throng'd in the watch agen, A noiſe
Of ſcraping men and ſqueaking boyes,
Straight fill'd the houſe. The two-penny
Leapt up, and fell a dancing hard: (Ward
Out at the Hole, all thruſt their heads:
The Knights ward left their ſeven groat beds
The Maſters ſide hearing the din,
Swore, that the Devill was ſure brought in,
But when they heard they Fidlers were,
Some curs'd the noyſe, ſome lent an eare;
None curs'd, but what went drunk to bed,
Being then for want of drink halfe dead.

Lock't were the Fidlers in a Roome,
All cry'd, Strike up, play Rogues, Fum-fum,
The Minikin tickled, roare did the Baſe,
Then bawdy Songs, all ſleep muſt chace,
The men play'd heavily, boyes did whine,
Not ſeeing meat, money, beere, nor wine,
Vp ſuch a laugh the Priſoners took,
That the Beds danc'd, and chambers ſhook,
Nay, the ſtrange Hubbub did ſo pleaſe,
At Priſon-bace ran both Lice and Fleas,

The Rozzen rub'd off, and Cats guts weary,
We ask'd, how they who made men merry
Grew ſad themſelves, And why (like ſprits)
Fidlers being ſtrung to walk a nights,
Were they lock't up?--One then, i'th eye
Putting his finger, told us why.
Quoth he, Being met by a mad Crew,
In theſe poore Caſes,--up they drew
Our Fiddles, and like Tinkers ſwore
We ſhould play them to the Blue-Bore,
Kept by mad *Ralph* at *Iſlington*,
Whoſe Hum, and Mum, being powr'd upon
Our guts,--ſo burnt'em, we deſir'd
To part,-- being out o'th'houſe eene fir'd:
As our handsplay'd, our Heads were plied,
And tho the night was cold, we fried;
For ſuch hot waters ſod our brain,
Like Dawes in *Iune*, we gap'd for rain,
Strong were our Coxcombs, our legs weak,
We, nor our Fiddles had wit to ſpeak,
The company then being faſt aſleep,
And we paid ſoundly, out did creep
Into the high-way,--O ſweet Moon!
We, but for thee, had been undone:

Yet, though thy torch to us was lighted,
We all might well have been indited,
For breaking into others ground,
Three in one ditch being almost drown'd,
Yet out we scrambled and along (throng,
The Play-house came,--where seeing no
We swore 'twas sure some scurvie play,
That all the people so sneak'd away,
And so the Players descended were
Toth' Starres, Nags-head, or *Christopher*.
To all those Taverns (we cry'd) Let's goe
At which one fell, and then swore--No.
The Barrs at Smith-field well we past,
For all the Watch had runn in haste,
Arm'd with chalk'd Bils, wak'd by a cry
Of Whore-dorps tane by th'enemy.
From Cow-crosse stood those stoves not far,
In which were entred men of warre,
(Low-Country Souldiers late come o're),
Each one going in to presse a Whore.
Leaving them pressing, on we trot
Through the Horse-faire, till we had got
Into the middle of Long-Lane,
Where up the Devill doe Brokers traine.

There down we fell, and then fell out,
Our leathern Cases flew about,
We fenc'd, and foyn'd, and fought so long,
That all our Fiddles lay halfe unstrung,
Their backs were broke, and we oth'ground,
Swouning for griefe they did not sound;
Our noyse brought up from Aldersgate
The rugged Watch, who before sate
Nodding at the Meremaids doore,
Who with a guard of halfe a score
Seiz'd us, and cry'd at going away,
Sad *Lachrymæ* you there shall play.
This told, the Prisoners laugh't out-right,
And though the whole Ward had no light,
Yet from their beds all skip and cry,
Scraper, Strike up, we the Watch defie.
The Moon so bold was to look in,
And saw some only in their skin,
(Naked as Cuckowes when *June's* past)
Some had long shirts down to their waste,
Some wanted back-parts, some an arme,
None wore a shirt could keep him warme,
A French Boy, that sweeps chimnies, weares
His patch'd up Frock as white as theirs:

Some on their heads no night-caps wore,
Some lapp'd their browes in hose all tore.
They hobble out, they frisk, they sing,
So long that crack'd was every strink,
By their rude horse-play altogether,
Flinging their legs they car'd not whither.
Such horrid noise, such stinking smell
Cannot be heard nor felt in hell:
Yet o're they gave not; till the Sunne
Arose, then all to bed did runne.

Good Morrow.

THe Rats into the Trap that fell
This night, were few:--The Constable
Belike did wink, and would not see;
For, when the winds rise, his watch and he
Tosse all that venture on their waves;
The rocks being brown-bils, clubs, & staves,
On which they split them:--These and they
When morning comes are fetch't away;
Those Rats o're night whose shapes did leese,
Being soon turn'd men, by paying but fees,
Yet some lose taile, some are scratcht bare,
Whilst Constables and Counters share.

FINIS.

F.29.47

54890A
Speed, Robert

LM